

GUACANAGARI	PONTIAC	BLACK HAWK
MONTEZUMA	CAPTAIN PIPE	KEOKUK
GUATIMOTZIN	LOGAN	SACAGAWEA
POWHAHAN	CORUPANTER	BENITO JUAREZ
POCAHONTAS	JOSEPH BRANT	MANGUS
SAMOSET	RED JACKET	COLORADAS
MASSASOIT	LITTLE TURTLE	LITTLE CROW
KING PHILIP	TECUMSEH	SITTING BULL
UNCAS	OSCEOLA	CHIEF JOSEPH
TEDYUSKUNG	SICQUOYA	GERONIMO
	SHABONEE	



TO PERPETUATE THE HISTORY  
AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE  
PEOPLE REPRESENTED BY THE  
ABOVE CHIEFS AND WISE MEN  
THIS COLLECTION HAS BEEN  
GATHERED BY THEIR FRIEND  
**EDWARD EVERETT AYER**

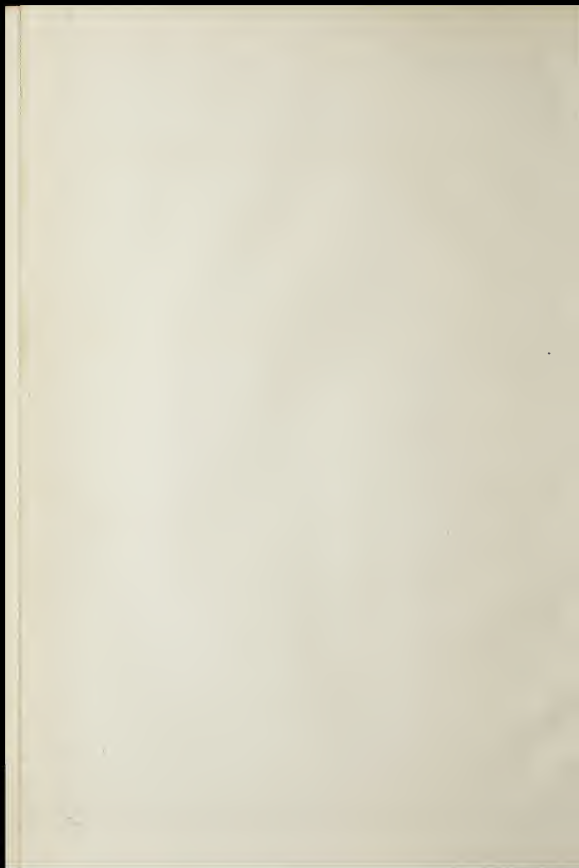
AND PRESENTED BY HIM  
TO  
**THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY**  
1911





## Contents.

1. O'Connell, b. In the Land of Pretty Soon.
2. " " Our Lady of Lourdes at San Juan
3. " " Where our Protomartyr lies buried.
4. " " Afoot with America's first Martyr.
5. " " A Chronicle of the Padres.
6. Winship, b. P. Why Coronado went to New Mexico.
7. Thompson, b. An Indian Dance at Jemez.



IN THE LAND OF PRETTY SOON.

By ..

Rev. George O'Connell, S.J.

From THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.  
New York, Feb. & March, 1895.

Ayer  
160.5  
N65  
O2  
1895

Ayer 3325





ONE-STORY PUEBLO.

## IN THE LAND OF PRETTY SOON.—I.

*By Rev. George O'Connell, S.J.*

## I. A WELL-EARNED TITLE.

Never was name so well applied as when the delightful humorist entitled his work on Mexico "The Land of Poco Tiempo." This unique, weird territory, when truest to itself, is essentially a land of sunshine and peacefulness. Hurry and flurry are only the abhorred introductions of el Gringo (the Yankee). Whether watching his horned or woolly flocks upon the mesas, digging the acequia to lead the irrigating waters over his farms, or rearing his earth-brown home of adobe, the typical New Mexican is always calm, courteous and hopeful. He has never been known to hurry. We have seen the very beggars using two burros on their daily rounds, one for their own transportation and one for such presents as their begging may win them. "Pretty soon," and never "at once," is sure to be his answer when asked when a work will be done. "God is good, and life is long, so why should we hurry?" seems to be his motto.

This is no fanciful picture, but a living, puzzling reality which soon strikes even the most unobservant visitor from the rest of the Union. Whether the spirit of speed, bustle and noise which el Gringo is introducing is to supplant in time this dreamy repose, is exceedingly doubtful. The very genius of the land cries out against so violent a transformation. If it come, however, and the gentle New Mexican survive the change, who will dare to prophesy that he

will be the gainer in either material prosperity, happiness or the love of God?

Yet New Mexico was not always a land of mere serenity and sunshine. Its chronicles yield to none of our States in wealth of mystery and adventure, and nowhere in all our country, nor in our sister Canada, has the blood of so many martyrs attested their eagerness to spread Christ's holy law in the face of incredible hardships.

## II. FATHER MARK OF NICE AND CORONADO.—THE SEVEN CITIES OF CÍBOLA AND THE SEARCH FOR QUIVIRA.

The first white man to set foot upon the soil of New Mexico was the Italian Franciscan priest, Father Mark of Nice—Fray Marco de Niza, as he is oftener styled. This intrepid missionary had already been with Pizarro in Peru, where he had founded the Franciscan province of Lima and had written a number of works on the native races of that country. He had labored later on in Nicaragua, and in 1540 we find him Provincial of his Order in Mexico. His zeal and absolute fearlessness had attracted the admiration of the Spanish authorities, and when the Viceroy Mendoza determined to send Don Francis Vasquez de Coronado, the Governor of Nueva Galicia, to explore and subdue the great wonderland of the north, Father Mark was chosen as his most reliable vanguard.

His first explorations led him west to Vacupa, in the land of Sonora, near the present town of Hermosillo, and thence north into the valley of the Gila river. In some of the towns he passed through, the people had never heard of Christianity nor seen a white man, and called him Sayota or "Man from Heaven." He had sent ahead his only civilized companion, a negro named Estevanico, to reconnoitre the country and send him back reports, and this credulous creature continued to give him glowing accounts of a land named Cíbola, where there were seven populous towns rich in gold and precious stones. That such a province existed was true, but the negro's accounts were grossly exaggerated. The Indians were glad to gratify by any fabulous stories his too evident love for the wonderful. In pursuit of this town, Father Mark turned east again till he came to where Phœnix now stands, and thence he pushed his way north-east to the pueblo of Zuñi, just within the limits of the present New Mexico. Zuñi was Cíbola.

When within a day's journey of Cíbola, the unwearying priest received the discouraging tidings that Estevanico had been slain by its people, and that his sixty companions were held as prisoners. The Cíbolans had been disgusted with his immorality and greed of gold, and could not credit his claim that he, a black man, was the advance agent of white teachers, but instead suspected him of being a spy sent by enemies who intended to destroy them. Father Mark's

companions at first threatened to call him to account for the death of Estevanico and their friends. The brave priest answered that he was ready for death, but better counsels prevailed, and Father Mark started ahead with two of their chiefs.

From a hill-top, on about the 22d of May, 1539, he obtained a view of his long-sought Cibola. It stood on a plain just below a round hill, and seemed to be more popu-



RUINS OF THE PUEBLO OF PECOS.

lous than the city of Mexico. As the natives, however, had threatened him and his followers with death, if they presumed to enter the pueblo, he could make no closer investigations. He contented himself with planting a cross in a heap of stones, and, after the manner of the explorers of his day, claimed possession of what he called the new kingdom of San Francisco, in the name of the Viceroy Mendoza, for his Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain. He then hastened back to Mexico at the rate of thirty miles a day, to make his report and return with Coronado and his men.

Like Bruce in Africa and so many other pioneer discoverers, Father Mark was subjected to the harshest criticism. He was accused of gross exaggerations, and even downright falsehood, but calmer historical investigations have borne out his statements except in some details, where he had confided too much in the word of his Indian guides.

The stories of the guides, which he repeated, of the seven immense and wealthy cities of Cibola, fired the zeal of the Spaniards, and three

hundred of them at once volunteered to accompany Coronado. These and eight hundred Indians made up the army of conquest. Coronado pushed ahead from San Miguel, in April, 1540, with Father Mark and a number of other Franciscans and a select company of about sixty soldiers and a body of Indians. The main body under Tristan de Arellano would unite with him later. After following more or less the friar's former route, the party reached Cíbola on the 10th of July. The natives at first greeted the Spaniards with a shower of arrows, but were soon subdued with but little bloodshed.

Alas! however, the seven great cities had dwindled down to poor little stone and adobe villages of a humble agricultural people, and of the three golden kingdoms beyond, one was only a very small town, another was simply a great hot lake, and the third was altogether fabulous! The disappointed adventurers turned angrily on Father Mark, and covering the too confiding friar with reproaches and curses, finally ordered him back to Mexico. He died there in 1558, heartbroken doubtless that he had been denied a share in the labors of his religious brethren in the land which his zeal had thus opened to the kingdom of Christ.

Coronado remained about four months at Cíbola (or Zuñi). During this time, one band of his followers under Captain Cardeñas, explored the western country as far as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and another, under Captain Alvarado, the eastern country past Ácoma, the Tiguex province along the Rio Grande, and to Pecos-Cicuyé on the border of the buffalo plains. Alvarado was joined at Tiguex, or the modern Bernalillo, in November by Coronado, and in December by the main army, which had arrived from Mexico under Arellano. In his journey hither Coronado had been accompanied by only thirty men, and had explored the Rio Grande in the neighborhood of Isleta. Certain cruelties on the part of some of Alvarado's soldiers had meantime aroused the whole province against the Span-

iards, and it was not till after a gallant resistance of fifty days that Coronado was enabled to capture the pueblo of Tiguex and visit Pecos.

It was in the following May that Coronado set out on his



ADOBE CHURCH EXTERIOR,  
(Ranchos de Albuquerque).

famous march to Quivira, a fabulous town rich in great stone houses and stores of gold and precious stones. He had forgotten his sad disappointment at Cibola and was led to this new expedition by the extravagant stories of a strange Indian called "The Turk." This man was a captive amongst the Pecos Indians, who had come from the land to the far east, toward Florida, and who by his lies had hoped the Spaniards would lead him again toward home. It is probable, also, that with his limited ideas of gold and magnificent buildings, he even believed the greater part of what he said. His peculiar name had been given him by the Spaniards, because of his shaving his head except for a long queue in the centre. Coronado traveled from six to eight hundred miles across the plains, probably into Kansas between the Arkansas and the Missouri rivers or, further south, somewhere in Texas. The great town of Quivira, however, became a mere village of straw wigwams, and instead of gold and silver he could find nothing more precious than maize. The Turk then confessed his falsehoods, but pleaded that the Pecos Indians had urged him thereto in the hope that the Spaniards would perish on the plains. He paid the penalty with his life.

While Coronado was away in pursuit of this phantom, Arellano had explored the Rio Grande region to the north through Jemes, Yunque-Yunque or the present San Juan district, and even to Taos, and to the south as far as the Piros in the region of Socorro. Coronado's failure, however, discouraged the whole army, and, after a winter of considerable suffering, the general began his return march to Mexico, in April, 1542, and here settled down peacefully to become once more the governor of Nueva Galicia. The Spaniards had learned in a sense, as Bancroft says, all that was to be known of New Mexico, but for fifty years afterwards no attempt was made to renew the conquest. New Mexico seemed to have fallen again into the slumber from which the Spaniards had awakened it.

### III. BROTHER RODRIGUEZ, ESPEJO, CASTAÑO AND THE CONQUEST

BY OÑATE.

Brother Augustin Rodriguez (or Ruiz) was the next to lead an expedition into New Mexico. After earnestly begging permission from the Viceroy and his Father Provincial to undertake a new conquest of the territory, he started north with Fathers Santa María and Lopez, and a body of soldiers, under Chamuscado on June 6, 1581. The party followed the Rio Grande till they reached the province of Tiguex. The priests and the brother remained here to conduct their spiritual labors, while the soldiers returned to Mexico, and here all three of the missionaries met with a martyr's death.

This mournful fact was discovered in 1582 by Don Antonio Espejo, who had set out for their rescue on hearing that danger threatened them. Not discouraged by their fate, Espejo continued his truly extraordinary travels north and west to Jemes, Ácoma and Zufi. At both the latter places he found several crosses and other proofs of the presence of Father Mark and Coronado. After considerable further journeyings in the west through Arizona he returned to Zufi and resumed his explorations in New Mexico as far as Pecos, from which he returned to Mexico on September 20, 1583. With only one priest and fourteen soldiers, he had peacefully visited seventy-four pueblos and had travelled as much and accomplished far more practical results than Coronado with his army.

Espejo and a number of others now besieged the Viceroy and the King with memorials on methods of conquest and settlement, and so were fruitlessly consuming the years, when in 1590, Don Gaspar Castaño de Sosa, Mayor of San Luis Potosí, coolly started an expedition on his private account. He visited Pecos and some twenty other pueblos, including the Tehna pueblos near Santa Fé and Taos in the far north, crossing snow-clad mountains and frozen streams in his march. Everywhere the natives submitted without any serious objection, and everywhere Don Gaspar erected the saving sign of the cross. His only reward was to be arrested on his return journey, as having acted without authority, and to be sent back to Mexico in chains.

The first real conquest of New Mexico was achieved by Don Juan de Oñate, in 1599. He was accompanied by Fray Alonso Martinez and ten other Franciscans and some four hundred men, of whom one hundred and thirty were accompanied by their families. They travelled with eighty-three wagons and seven thousand head of cattle, and founded the first permanent Spanish settlement in New Mexico.

The history of his expedition was told, in 1610, by one of his companions, Captain Gaspar de Villagrà, in an epic poem entitled *Historia de la Nueva Mexico*. The formal act of possession was made on April 20, 1598, on the banks of the Rio Grande, after a solemn high Mass and a sermon by the padre comisario; but the conquest was not completed till the fall of Ácoma, after a bloody resistance, on the 24th of January, 1599. We have little to record thenceforth except the gradual conversion and settlement of the territory till the great rebellion of Popé in 1680. The reconquest by Cargos followed in 1693, to be succeeded by another revolt in 1696, and a second reconquest in 1700. Then the great slumber of New Mexico was broken only by the troubles attending the Mexican war of independence in 1822, the American occupation in 1846, and the Civil War of 1862. We cannot resist the temptation to quote the summary which Luvernès makes of all these years:

"The most incredible pioneering," he says, "the world has ever seen overran New Mexico with the zeal of a prairie fire, three hundred and fifty years ago. The most superhuman marches, the most awful privations, the most devoted heroism, the most unsleeping vigilance wrested this bare, brown land to the world, and having wrested it, went to sleep. The winning was the wakefullest in his-



PUEBLO OF SANTO DOMINGO.

tory—the after-nap eternal. It never has awakened—one does not know that it ever can. Nature herself does little but sleep here. . . The abrupt mountains, the echoing, rock-walled cañons, the sunburnt mesas, the streams bankrupt by their own Shylock sands, the gaunt, brown, treeless plains, the ardent sky, all harmonize with unearthly unanimity."

#### IV. MISSIONARIES AND MARTYRS, BEFORE THE REBELLION OF 1680.

We must reserve for another chapter a brief sketch of the material good accomplished by the Franciscan Fathers amongst the pueblos of New Mexico. By teaching them improvements in farming, manufactures and social life, they won the confidence of the barbarian, and were able to draw him to the true faith and erect a great church in every town. It was a triumph, however, which cost them dear.

The first Fathers to remain permanently in the Territory were a band of ten, under Father Alonzo Martinez, who accompanied Oñate, in 1698. It will be remembered that Brother Rodriguez, and Fathers

María and Lopez had already died martyrs' deaths in 1581. Father Santa María was killed while resting under a tree near Puaray, about eight miles above the present Albuquerque, and his body was burned. Father Lopez was struck down about a league further north while on his knees in prayer. Brother Rodriguez met his death at Santiago, and his body was thrown into the Rio Grande. The remains of Father Lopez were afterwards disinterred, in 1614, and buried in the church at Sandía.

Father Martinez seems to have established the first residence or convent of the Franciscans, under the invocation of Our Lady of the Assumption, in the pueblo of Santo Domingo, which became for a time the headquarters of Oñate's expedition. He established another shortly afterwards at a pueblo called San Gabriel, not far from the present San Juan. Here it was that Oñate began his city of San Francisco, on August 4, 1598, and not at Santa Fé, as was long fondly imagined, and here the erection of the first church in New Mexico was begun on August 23, and dedicated on September 8. Over a thousand Indians assembled to aid in building city and church, and their work was followed by a sham battle and a week of sports. San Pablo was then formally chosen as the patron of the Territory.

Amongst the Indians who attended this founding of New Mexico's first capital were a number of chiefs from the adjacent pueblos and provinces. They expressed their willingness to receive the missionaries, and Father Martinez joyfully assigned his companions to the different towns. The subsequent submission of Zuñi and Ácoma left the Fathers in complete spiritual possession of the Territory. From 1599 to 1632, they labored, with little difficulty on the part of the natives, but with great trouble caused them by Oñate.

In March, 1599, Father Martinez returned to Mexico with Fathers Salazar and Vergara for reinforcements. Father Salazar died on the way and Father Martinez was kept in Mexico, but Father Vergara soon returned with some eight Fathers. These had hardly begun their labors when Oñate almost ruined them by his oppressive regulations against the pueblos. The Fathers besought him in vain to employ gentle measures and to help the natives in farming and cattle raising. He resented their advice, and in utter despair many of the Fathers returned to Mexico to lay their complaints before the Governor. They claimed that his exactions had made them useless as missionaries, and they declined to act as mere chaplains for him and his fellow-freebooters. Some improvement followed their complaints, and eight of the Fathers accompanied the conqueror on his explorations in Arizona. By 1608, however, he had ceased to be Governor of New Mexico, and at about that time, owing partly no doubt to these controversies, the site of the capital was changed from San Gabriel to Santa Fé. By 1617, or in twenty years, the Franciscans had built



eleven churches in the Territory and had converted fourteen thousand natives, and this with the help of only forty-eight settlers and soldiers !

The progress of conversion continued steadily till, in 1632, our chronicles are again reddened with the blood of martyrs. In this year, Fathers Arvide and Letrado were slain by the pagan Zipias near Zuñi, and Father Porras was poisoned by the Moquis of Arizona. Several other efforts were made by the Indians, from 1642 to 1680, to rid themselves of the Spaniards, but they were always speedily subdued. The roving Apaches commenced their raids in 1672. They destroyed several towns and churches and killed, it is said, a number of the missionaries and their converts, and became such a menace to the whole Territory that, in 1676, Father Ayeta, the custodio,



TYPICAL ADOBE CHURCH INTERIOR (OJO CALIENTE).

returned to Mexico and insisted on reinforcements of men and provisions. He was put off with fair promises in the most exasperating way for three years, and then only returned to meet the settlers fleeing from the rebellion of 1680, and to learn that in that frenzied outbreak twenty-one of his religious brethren had fallen victims to the fury of Popé.

In a future sketch of Santa Fé we shall treat of this rebellion more in detail. Suffice it to say here that the missions of the Taos, Picuries and Tehuas in the north were the first to be attacked by the merciless rebels, on August 10, and of these and all the missions in the east and west only the priest at Cochiti, one in Zuñi and those in Santa Fé escaped the general massacre. Four hundred Christians were slaughtered with the Fathers. In their

retreat south, Governor Otermin's party found the bodies of three of the murdered Fathers at Santo Domingo, and at San Felipe and Sandía all traces of religion had been obliterated. Isleta had been abandoned by the Spaniards, and at Alamillo, near Socorro, the fugitives met Father Ayeta's long delayed supply train, which that Father had hastily sent in advance under Father de Leiva to assist the fugitives. They certainly would have perished without its timely comfort. The whole party then encamped at the mission of Guadalupe, near the present El Paso, and in the following year Father Ayeta joined them from Mexico with new supplies and the glad word that a reconquest of the Territory had been decided on. El Paso, we may remark, was founded in this or the next year, 1682, to serve as a depot of supplies for the new conquest.

#### V. MISSIONARIES AND MARTYRS AFTER THE REBELLION.

Popé was not the man to secure the fruits of his success. By his arrogance and cruelty he brought incomparably more evils upon the Territory than those he had complained of on the part of the Spaniards. Civil wars resulted on every hand and, added to raids by the Apaches, drought and famine, reduced the pueblos to the profoundest misery. There was no longer any union amongst them, and still they bravely resisted the coming of Captain Vargas, their second conqueror. Otermin in an attempted reconquest had advanced no further than Isleta.

Vargas was accompanied on his expedition from El Paso, on August 21, 1692, by sixty soldiers, a hundred Indians and Fathers Corvera, Muñiz and Barroso. All the pueblos were found deserted till they reached Santa Fé. The natives here surrendered after a feeble resistance, and the submission of the other pueblos soon followed. Over two thousand children born during the sway of the rebels were baptized. Zuñi was the only town where any traces of respect for Christianity were discovered. All the property of the priests had been religiously preserved, and in one place a sort of altar was found with two candles burning on it.

This first submission, however, was largely a mere pretence, and when a fresh body of soldiers and eight hundred settlers for whom Vargas had asked, arrived in October, 1693, they encountered the fiercest hostilities. Many a bloody conflict ensued, but at the end of 1694, Vargas confidently announced that his reconquest was complete. The Franciscans promptly returned to their old missions, but only to find that the fires of revolt were still slumbering. They saw their danger, and begged Vargas to protect them. His only answer was an imputation against their courage and a sneering permission to return to Santa Fé; so they patiently resolved to remain at their posts for the worst. It came on June 4, 1696, and five more of their number

fell martyrs to their fidelity. Fathers Corvera and Moreno were burned to death in their convent at San Ildefonso, and Father Casañes was killed by the Apaches near Jemes, while going on a sick-call. Father Arbizu was slain at San Cristóbal, and Father Carbonel at Taos. Vargas was horrified to see how terribly he had been mistaken, and exacted speedy vengeance for this new rebellion and its accompanying barbarities; but it was only under his successor, Cubero, that, with the submission of the Moquis in 1700, the last spark of rebellion died out in the hearts of the pueblos.

Only a few stirring events mark the following years. The Zúñi Indians, in 1703, killed three of the Spanish settlers on the ground of their immorality and cruelty, and, in spite of the statement of Father Garaicoechea, their pastor, that only seven of the Indians were engaged in the murder, the Governor feared it was the sign of a new rebellion and ordered the Father to return to Santa Fé. The Father kept up some communication with the pueblo, and tried repeatedly to re-establish his mission, but it was not till 1705 he was allowed to return, when he restored amicable relations with the natives. He was succeeded in 1706 by Father Miranda under whom, in 1708, a new parish church was erected, at the expense of the Marquis de la Peñuela. In 1709, Father de la Peña refounded the pueblo of Isleta, and a mission was started amongst the Picarilla Apaches, near Taos, in 1733, under Father Mirabal. Two visits to the Territory by Bishop Crespo, of Durango, are recorded in 1725 and 1730, and one in 1737 by his successor, Bishop Elizacoechea, with a fourth in 1760 by Bishop Tamaron.

In concluding our all too hasty sketch of the missions, we should



MOUNTAIN SCENE.

notice that the plan of operations of the Fathers in New Mexico was essentially different from that of their brethren in California. In the latter country they had to deal with a race of the most degraded savages, whom they were obliged to gather into the mission houses, in order to civilize them and render them, in time, capable of self-support. This system demanded large mission estates and, hence, gave rise to many troubles concerning things temporal. In New Mexico, on the contrary, the Fathers found a race of highly intelligent, town-dwelling, farming and manufacturing people, and, though they introduced many improvements in their material well-being, their almost exclusive work amongst their neophytes was of a religious character. Hence there could be no such horror as secularization in the missions in New Mexico. This abominable law in California was simply a pretext on the part of the Mexicans for spoliation, and resulted in the complete ruin of the missions and the utter extermination of the Indians. When, however, the Franciscans were driven out of New Mexico, their places were more or less easily supplied by secular priests, and the Indians suffered little in point either of population or of religion. All the pueblos received the faith from the Franciscans, and to-day, though obscured in some places by lingering traces of the old Paganism, and prevented in others by lack of priests from properly practising or understanding their religion, we may still say that their Catholicity remains intact.

---

“PROTESTANT travelers in Catholic countries often speak of the boldness and persistence of the beggars they meet there. What they take for insolence is in reality not so esteemed by their Catholic brethren, who understand full well that the beggar is not only conscious of his human equality with the person of whom he solicits alms, but that he is by the very act offering occasion to the other to do a good spiritual act, such as Catholics are, as a matter of course, expected to do when occasion presents itself. If receiving an alms the poor man is profuse in his thanks (generally expressed in the form of invoking a benediction), it does not surprise him to hear in reply to the donor, ‘Nay, the favor is yours.’ And here is another remarkable expression illustrating the same truth. When—as, for instance, in Spain—one happens not to be able to give an alms when asked, or, what is of rare occurrence, though able, unwilling, the beggar is not roughly thrust aside, or left unspeaken to, but with hat uplifted the other will say, *Perdona me, hermano, en el nombre de Dios*—‘Pardon me, brother, in the name of God.’”—*Rev. Alfred Young, C.S.P., Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared.*

## IN THE LAND OF PRETTY SOON—II.

*By Rev. George O'Connell, S. J.*

### VI. PUEBLOS AND CLIFF HOUSES.

What was the origin of these strange barbarians whom Father Mark introduced to Western civilization and the true faith, will probably remain an unsolved problem for many years to come. We know, from the researches of scholars like Bandelier and Morgan, that they are not of either Aztec or Soltec descent, but that probably they share with these people a common descent from an ancient Mongol stock.

Much of the belief in their Aztec descent was due to the famous legend of Montezuma. He was supposed to have been a great chief of their golden age, a native of Ácoma, who, on leaving them, had promised to return after their subjugation by a foreign race and rule them once more. The legend, unfortunately, has since been exploded, and been shown to be of no later origin than 1846, when it was started and industriously circulated by the Mexicans to win the aid of the Pueblo Indians in repelling the American invasion. It was a story well worthy to be ranked with the Northern Mystery and its strait that led to the Isles of Spice, with the Gran Quivira and its boundless wealth, and the dozen other fables which make the early story of New Mexico one of fascinating romances.

Another reason to believe the Pueblos to be of Aztec origin consists in certain resemblances in the architecture of the two peoples. These resemblances, however, are much too slight to found upon them a sameness of origin. In old Mexico, for example, we do not meet with the same plain walls as in New Mexico, where they often run up unbroken for two or three stories and are scaled by long ladders. These ladders and



CLIFF-HOMES, NEAR ESPAÑOLA, NEW MEXICO.

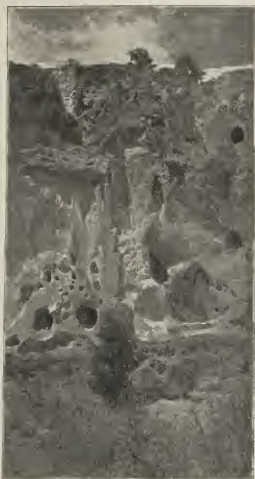
the peculiar terrace-like structures of the old-time pueblos, are striking characteristics, which are wholly wanting in old Mexico. There are, on the other hand, no arched ceilings in New Mexico; no sculptures or architectural decorations, and no dressed stone, such as abound in old Mexico. Nor have our Pueblos any idols, temples or other buildings for religious worship, or any of the burial mounds or human remains which are inseparably connected with Mexican antiquities.

The Mongol origin of the Pueblos is suggested in various ways, of which perhaps the interchange of the "l" and the "r" sounds is the most readily detected. The wandering Navajo, whom we may call the Ismael brother of this Isaac, speaks the same language as the Tin-neh tribe of Alaska, and is still called Tin-neh by the Pueblos. This, and the vague tradition of the Pueblos that their ancestors came from the far North, would also connect them with the Mongols. It suggests a share in the great migration eastward from the Asiatic plateaus across the Aleutian Islands into America. It is another link in the chain of evidence that the human race is derived from only one father, and that he was a dweller in Biblical lands, where "a river went out of the place of pleasure to water Paradise, which from thence is divided into four heads," the Phison, namely, the Gehon, the Tigris and the Euphrates.

In the time of Father Mark, these Indians lived in seventy-six different *pueblos* or towns, and were as unlike the savage tribes who terrorized the country as are the turbaned Mussulmans of Africa unlike their feather-decked neighbors of the forests. Although town-dwellers, they were migratory in their habits and frequently changed the site of their towns, according as the failure of crops, times of drought or raids from the savages demanded it, till to-day the ruins of their pueblos number hundreds. They were about ten thousand in the time of Father Mark and have remained as numerous ever since.

Their houses were usually made of adobe, or sun-dried bricks, cut from the adjacent soil, and were built close together, with an exterior unbroken by door or window. Access to the interior was had only by means of ladders which led to the roof. This peculiarity of entrance was a precaution rendered necessary as a means of defence against their numerous and merciless brethren of the plains and wigwams. To the same need of constant defence is due their terrace-structure, giving them so many magnificent points of vantage from which to hurl their weapons, and their frequent location on almost inaccessible rock-summits. That so few specimens of these styles of architecture now remain is due to the fact that their fierce enemy has been so thoroughly tamed or exterminated. The best examples of the pyramidal buildings are found in Zúñi and Taos, and of the rock-citadel in Ácoma.

Each pueblo was, and still is, independent and democratic in its form of government. The cacique or head officer is elected for life, but is assisted by a governor, a war-captain and a fiscal officer, who are chosen annually. Their decisions are absolute and final. These offices, however, are seldom, if ever, sought for, and a governor has frequently been thrown into jail for a few days to force him to accept the dignity. The cacique is really the tribal penitent, and his name, the writer has been assured, means nothing else. His life is one of constant mortification practised for his people. Twice a year, amongst other numerous penances, he is joined by certain parties, who are appointed to keep with him a rigorous fast of four days.



CLIFF-HOMES.

The Pueblo is essentially a farmer, and knew how to lead the waters from the river in irrigating ditches across his patches of corn, beans, squashes and cotton long before the coming of the Spaniard. In the manufacture of baskets and pottery he was an expert, while he tanned the hides of buffalo and deer, and wove the cotton and spun the yucca fibre into handsome robes, tunics and mantles. By means of these and salt, mineral paint and the precious turquoise, he carried on commerce. When it was safe he hunted deer, bear and wolves in the mountains, and a couple of times each year went on a grand excursion to the buffalo plains.

His religion was bewilderingly complex. Two equal First Causes were recognized, the Sun-father and the Moon-mother. Their sons,

the Hero Twins, came next in honor, and after them swarmed a countless troop of divinities, representing every force and process in nature and every species of animal. The Trues were the divinities of his six cardinal points—east, north, west, south, up and down-and-around. Every phase and feature of his life was surrounded by religious forms and ceremonies. One striking feature of it was his rigid separation of the sexes. The men and boys lived in the *estufas*, or great circular houses, and the women and children dwelt apart in the various rooms of the pyramid.

Identical as all the Pueblos are in appearance and in modes of life and tribal customs, six distinct groups of languages exist amongst them. Strange, also, to say, the towns using the same language are often separated by half a dozen towns speaking one totally different. Their channel of communication at the present time is Spanish.

The Cliff-dwellers of New Mexico were not a separate race from the Pueblos. They were simply the town dwellers forced for a while to change their style of residence. We have seen that a variety of causes often drove the Pueblo to migrate hither and thither, and so he merely accommodated himself to his new surroundings. If driven to seek refuge amongst the soft cliffs of tufa, as may be seen in the cream-colored buttes of Pu-yé and Shú-fin-ne, that rise above the Rio Grande not far south of Española, he dug out commodious caverns there; while in the canyons where the rock was harder, he built stone houses under the projecting cliffs, as at Tyú-on-yí, some thirty miles further down the river, near Cochití.

#### VII. WHAT THE OLD PADRES DID.

As the conquerors of New Mexico moved to and fro in their interminable marches, it was usual to leave at least one priest at each pueblo. Never were workers so zealous and successful. Paganism disappeared as if by enchantment. No compulsion whatever was used. It is a baseless slander to say, as may still be read in some of our railroad guides, that the Holy Office existed here to burn recalcitrant natives, and that the Plaza of Santa Fé was often aflame with such fires. Even the tireless investigator, H. H. Bancroft, who when he does exhibit any bias always does so against the Church, finds no execution anywhere except for crimes which are punished with death in every Christian community. In an incredibly short time, every pueblo had its church and convent, and celebrated all the feasts of Holy Church with a regularity and piety worthy of the towns of Europe. The rebellion of Popé was like a last lurid flame from the fires of hell. Its effects were short-lived, though terrible while they lasted, and to-day all the pueblos, broadly speaking, may be called Catholic. Not the least factor in this wonderful conversion was the evidence the Indians had that the *padres* were a



vastly superior race to themselves, and sought their material as well as their spiritual prosperity.

One of the first steps the padres took was to induce the Indians to consolidate their forces and to become fixed dwellers. Thus the smaller towns were often united in one, till, from their original number of seventy-six, the pueblos became but twenty-four. . This at once made them stronger against their hereditary foes, the savage Indians, and rendered much simpler the work of religion and civil government. To induce them, further, to cease their many migrations, each pueblo was allowed a liberal grant of land, equalling about four acres and a half per capita, which was secured to them in perpetuity by royal grant. The United States Government has since confirmed these grants, and our courts have recognized the Pueblos' full rights of citizenship.

Before the conquest, no beast of burden helped the Pueblo either in farming or at home. He had no horse, no burro for ploughing and hauling, no cow or goat to give him milk and leather, no sheep to give him wool and meat, no dog to guard him, no cat to clear his house of rodents. Horse, donkey and cow, goat, sheep, cat and dog, all were presents from the priest, who came to lead him to the true God.

The missionary also taught his neophytes the use of iron, copper and silver, and the cultivation of wheat, the grape and all kinds of fruit. He persuaded him, too, to abandon his really barbarous separation of the sexes for a civilized form of family life, which is now one of the brightest features of the Pueblos. The wife is never a mere drudge, as among the roving Indians, but is almost on an equal footing with the husband. To him belong the farm and the live stock, while the house is hers. The children have the sweetest dispositions imaginable. They never seem to quarrel or disobey their parents, and their reverence for their elders is unflinching.

All this transformation would have been impossible if either the



INDIAN PUEBLO, SAN FELIPE.

padres or the soldiers had attempted to enslave the Pueblos. To say that they ever did so is another of the slanders which so many authors think themselves entitled to utter, without a particle of evidence to sustain them, whenever there is question of Spain or the Catholics. The indisputable truth is that the Spaniard in New Mexico never forced the Indian to change his religion, never enslaved him, never plunged him in the mines. This story of slavery is oftenest associated with "The Great Turquoise" mine, on Mount Chalcuit, where several hundred red men are said to have been buried by a caving-in of the rocks. That mine was never worked by the Spaniards, and only a little, very little, in prehistoric times. So, the mines of Real de Dolores were not opened till 1828. New Mexico mining, in fact, is of quite recent date. But alas! the guide book will continue to manufacture its falsehoods, and the credulous bigot continue to believe them!

It is only justice to say that the Spaniard in New Mexico won his Indian brother to the Church by kindness, enriched his life with a hundred comforts, and in every way advanced and civilized the race. Where, on the contrary, the Englishman landed, that man whose descendants love to descant upon Spanish atrocities, the native Indian has disappeared from the face of the earth. "Had the Pueblo," says Lummis, "enjoyed sixteenth century acquaintance with the Saxon, we should be limited now to unearthing and articulating his bones."

#### VIII. PEONES AND PENITENTES.

The only system approaching slavery which ever existed on New Mexican soil was that of peonage. It strikingly resembles that grinding tyranny which obtains so freely nowadays in many of our eastern manufacturing towns and mining districts, where there is little exaggeration in saying that the employees are slaves.



NEW MEXICO BAKERY.

At the opening of the seventeenth century, Oñate brought his first flock of merino sheep to the Territory, a gift to the poor settlers which was only destined to break them asunder into-



ADOBE BRICK YARD, NEW MEXICO.

two great groups—shepherds and sheep owners. The latter amassed enormous wealth, the former sank into irredeemable poverty. One of these sheep kings, Governor Baca, employed no less than twenty-seven hundred shepherds, or peons as they were called, in addition to hundreds of others not employed directly in herding. The flocks of Governor Chaves numbered a million. Other proprietors numbered theirs by hundreds of thousands. These amos, or masters, paid their poor peons from five to eight dollars a month. As a consequence, the peons soon fell hopelessly into debt to their employers, and, once in their clutches, became their virtual slaves. They owed them forever their labor and that of their children. About four-fifths of the population were thus enthralled.

This oppression and the lonely lives the peons were forced to lead, dwelling like hermits with their flock in a land inconceivably desolate and mind-dwarfing, are responsible for much of their ignorance and that strange apathy which has earned for their country the title of "The Land of Poco Tiempo." Something of peonage still exists in the Territory, but it is disappearing rapidly under the humanizing influence of the Church revived and its kindred civilization.

Not so fast and certain, however, is the disappearance of another unique feature of life in New Mexico, that of the terrible self-torture of the Penitents. We shall never denounce these deluded people with the angry warmth of those to whom all penance is a stumbling block, but shall carefully premise that no good Christian can question the value of bodily mortification. By this means the Saints have always sought to share in the unspeakable sufferings of

Christ, for "they that are Christ's have crucified their flesh" (Galat. v, 24); and Holy Church has always approved of the prudent employment of the discipline and hair-shirt and other afflictions, "to chastise the body," as St. Paul says, "and bring it into subjection" (I Cor. ix, 27). She has, however, only condemnation for the dreadful excesses of the Penitentes. Just, however, as they were threatened with extinction by their ceaseless warfare, a political element was introduced into their society, to strengthen and embolden them and to promise them a fresh lease of life.

Los Hermanos Penitentes, the Hermandad de nuestro Padre Jesus, or the Penitent Brothers, in New Mexico, are only the degenerate sons of an ancient, highly laudable society, which was founded in Spain to combine religious study and good works with the moderate use of the scourge and other instruments of penance. It was introduced into the Territory by the Franciscan missionaries, and we know that Oñate and his followers practised public flagellation.

With that degeneration in other respects which accompanied the long isolation of the Spanish settlers here, came the corruption of the Penitentes. Especially did it come with the forced departure of the Franciscans. Thereafter, till the coming of Archbishop Lamy, episcopal visitations were almost unknown, the priests were few, and the immense stretches of country were left to their own spiritual guidance. Undirected by the divine counsel of the Church, the members of the Order finally came to believe that they might atone by their dreadful penances in Holy Week for the greatest license during the rest of the year, and that the more appalling these penances were the more certain they should be of salvation. All this in some cases, though by no means universally, was quite apart



FAMILIAR STREET SCENE.



ADOBE TOWN (UPPER LAS VEGAS).

from the notion of either contrition, reparation or amendment, three infallible requisites upon which the Church insists. Still it would be unjust to unite all the members in one sweeping condemnation. We have known some small communities where the Order, in spite of its cruel demands upon its members, has really proved the means of preserving the faith and a knowledge of the prayers and commandments. The latter were carefully taught and repeated at their meetings in places long deprived of the services of a priest.

The Penitentes shroud themselves in so much mystery that it is impossible to give a detailed account of them. Their rules are kept only in a manuscript book, which none of the uninitiated have ever seen, and which no convert from the Order ever durst describe. We know, however, that each branch is independent and is ruled by its own *Hermano Mayor*, or Chief Brother. The processions are oftenest held at night, and pass to and fro between the *campo santo* or cemetery and the *morado* or chapel of the Order. In the procession, the *hermanos disciplinantes* are those who actually bear the crosses and scourge themselves, while the *hermanos de luz*, or Brothers of light, assist them in various ways, chiefly by plying the scourge upon their bare backs or by kicking anyone who falls till he rises again. Holy Week is the season of their penances, and during the rest of the year there is nothing to distinguish them from the average citizen.

The seal of the Order is six long, deep gashes cut across each kidney with a knife of flint or obsidian. During Holy Week the members often ask and receive three, five or even forty more such gashes, according as they desire to commemorate the Three Hours'



RUINS, OLD CHURCH AT TAOS.

agony, the Five Wounds or the Forty Days in the Wilderness. To scourge themselves with whips of the dagger-bearing pal-milla, till the blood courses down their

bodies in streams; to tie round their foreheads crowns of the thorny wild rose; to wrap themselves tightly in the terrible *entraña*, or buckhorn cactus, or to roll upon beds of the same; to carry long distances crosses whose weight often rises to six or eight hundred pounds; to submit, when guilty of any offence against the Order, to the merciless blows of a wire discipline whose ends are curved like a fish hook; and even to crucify some too willing member; these are a few of the practices to which these strange people cling. In the crucifixion, nails are no longer employed to fasten the devotee to his cross, stout ropes being used instead, but, as he hangs thus for hours, the torture is always agonizing. What transpires during the *tinieblas*, or "dark meetings," in the morada can be best imagined by the blood-curdling groans and the awful sound of blows that emerge from it. Some penitentes have been known to give themselves as many as two thousand blows of the scourge in a single day, and nearly all of them bear life-long marks of their mistaken piety.

Tall, weird-looking crosses which the traveller may encounter in lonely parts of the country, sometimes reveal the haunts of the penitentes. Occasionally, too, they are to be met with in very conspicuous places, as on some of the hills between Bernalillo and Lamy, or on the sides of Starvation Peak, south of Bernal. This gloomy-looking mountain derives its name from a legend that a party of Mexicans from Bernal once sought refuge on its table-top summit from the marauding Comanches, and were there besieged and starved to death by their dreadful enemies; but the crosses are said to mark the line of procession of the penitentes who for some time flourished in the neighborhood under the guidance of a mysterious hermit who had made his home in the mountains.

It is consoling to record that, at least, no deaths result from these excesses at the present time, and it is a rank absurdity to compare the members to the suicides beneath the wheels of juggernaut. No

penitente ever sought to kill himself. The prohibitions of the Church, however, have not been without effect upon these her wilful children. While ten years ago they numbered thousands, with branches in almost every town in the



MORADA, CHAPEL OF THE PENITENTES.

country, there are now, perhaps, not more than three towns that witness their annual processions. Driven to darkness and disguise, even politics cannot save them, and they must soon submit graciously and confess that no penance unblessed by the Church is holy or fruitful.

## TO AN AZALEA.

*By John Acton.*

O sweet bloom-curve, red sister of the rose,  
 Thy mystic meaning fronts me clear as dew  
 Fronts morning farers over hill-fields, through  
 Ranks of pink clover-pipes. Thou dost uncloset  
 Thy bud to glow as symbol—to disclose  
 A rim of petals five-fold, having hue  
 Of those bright flows the Thorns and Nails once drew  
 From the one Flower dust-making Death foregoes.

Flower of the Wounds: wear thou this worthier name  
 Than Commerce names thee, and so be more fair,  
 Named from the Fairest . . . Be these petals heard  
 For us, Belovèd: let their ring of flame  
 Ray to the Rays of Thy dear Heart such prayer  
 For pitying love as slips our fittest word.







